(5.)

ODES,

by

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M. ROBINSON, | J. OGILVIE,
&c. &c. &c.

Morning.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAY

ODES.

TO SCIENCE,

BY GEORGE DYER.

Μηκεθ' αλιου σκοπει
αλλο θαλπνοτερον
εν αμερα φαεινον αστρον
ερημας δι αιθερος. PINDAR, Oly. O. 1.

Mark the glowing sun on high,
scattering round a golden ray;
he shines amidst the desert sky,
unrivalled ruler of the day.

I. 1.

There are who skim the stream of life,
d catch delight from every passing gale;
no doleful sounds their ears assail,
nor heed they nature's strife.
Bright skies illume their dawning day,
while music wakes its magic powers,
no clouds obstruct their noon-tide ray,
d to soft measures move their evening hours.
Gaily its course the motley vessel glides,
Pleasure at the helm, a laughing beauty, guides.

I. 2.

Their destin'd course some lonely bend,
and no propitious gales attend;
while direful notes are heard from far,
the scream of woe, the din of war:
idst struggling storms their mornings doubtful rise;
sullen and slow proceed their hours along;

'mid scowling tempests close their western skies,
nor soothes their ear the cheerful voice of song.

I. 3.

But lo! the sons of Genius stand,
and Science open spreads her volume fair,
and Friendship waves her hand
to check the child of Mirth, to soothe the child of Care.
Nature assumes her smiling form,
like ocean resting from a storm:
from distant India's pearly shores,
from mystic Egypt's latent stores,
or where in Grecia's tuneful groves
the graces wanton'd with the loves,
lo! Science comes, and takes her awful seat,
while Genius glides along, her queen's advance to greet.

II. 1.

The blooming wreath of rapturous praise,
now weave with vary'd skill, and conscious pride,
as when, near Pisa's laurell'd side,
the Theban wove the living bays:
of brow serene, and port sublime,
immortal Science, hail! To thee,
bright with the spoils of ancient time,
we yield the crown, we bend the willing knee.
To thee the virtues all obedient rise,
and Truth with unveil'd face, & clear unclouded eyes.

II. 2.

'Ye sons of mirth, and sons of care,
I the bower of bliss prepare;
near me stream ambrosial showers;
near me bloom immortal flowers:
oh! hither then your erring courses bend;
here Mirth's wild crew may haply find a friend;
soon near my side shall Care forget to grieve,

and pining Melancholy dare to live.'

III. 3.

Thus Science spake aloud—when, lo!
y Fancy's eye were seen the sacred choir,
that taught with vivid glow
he canvas first to shine, that wak'd the melting lyre;
and round and round their queen they move,
symphonious to the voice of Love.
Nor did in vain the thrilling dart
of Music pierce the captiv'd heart,
till every discord died away,
as clouds before the solar ray.
Through the wide earth th' harmonic chords resound,
hile Rapture lifts her voice, and Goodness smiles
around.

" Monthly Mag."

ON THE MORNING,

BY G. DYER.

Μετα σειο, μακαιρα Υγιεια,
Τεθηλε παντα, και λαμπει χαριτων εαρ.
THEOGN. Εις Υγιειαν.

ealth, blooming queen! oh! deign thy presence near,
nd spring shall scatter blossoms all the year.

Child of the light! fair morning hour,
who smilest o'er yon purple hill!
I come to woo thy cheering power,
beside this murm'ring rill.
Nor I alone—a thousand songsters rise
o meet thy dawning, and thy sweets to share;
hile every flower that scents the honied air,
y milder influence feels, & sheds its brightest dyes.

and let me hear some village swain
whistle in rustic glee along;
or some fair maiden's gentle pain
breath'd from the milk-maid's song.
Wild are those notes, but sweeter far to me
than the soft airs borne from Italian groves:
to which the wanton muse and naked loves
strike the wild lyre, and dance in gamesome glee.

And rosy health, for whom so long
mid sleepless nights I've sigh'd in vain,
shall throw her airy vestment on,
and meet me on the plain.
Gay laughing nymph! that loves a morning sky;
that loves to trip across the spangled dews;
and with her finger dipp'd in brightest hues,
my faint cheek shall she tinge, & cheer my languid eye.

Then will I taste the morn's sweet hour,
and, singing, bless the new-born day;
or, wand'ring in Amanda's bower,
rifle the sweets of May:
and to my song Amanda shall attend,
and take the posie from the sylvan muse;
for sure the virtuous fair shall not refuse
the muse's modest gifts, her tribute to a friend.

"Poems."

TO MEDITATION,

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

Sweet child of Reason! maid serene!
with folded arms and pensive mien,
who, wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
so oft my length'ning hours beguil'd.
How oft with thee I 've stroll'd unseen
o'er the lone valley's velvet green;
and brush'd away the twilight dew
that stain'd the cowslip's golden hue.

Oft as I ponder'd o'er the scene,
would Mem'ry picture to my heart
how full of grief my days have been,
how swiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
then would'st thou sweetly reasoning say—
'Time journeys through the roughest day.'

The Hermit, from the world retir'd,
by calm Religion's voice inspir'd,
tells how serenely time glides on,
from crimson morn till setting sun;
within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
no jealous fears, or boundless joys,
the tenor of his mind destroys.
He blesses heaven's benign decree,
that gave his days to peace and thee.

The gentle Maid, whose roseate bloom
fades fast within a cloister's gloom;
far by relentless Fate remov'd
from all her youthful fancy lov'd;
led by thy downy hand, she strays

along the green dell's tangled maze;
where thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring showers
awake to life the fainting flowers.
Absorb'd by thee, she hears no more
the distant torrent's fearful roar;
the well-known Vesper's silver tone;
the bleak wind's desolating moan;
no more she weeps at fate's decree,
but yields her pensive soul to thee.

The Sage, whose palsy'd head bends low
midst scatter'd locks of silvery snow;
still by his mind's clear lustre tells
what warmth within his bosom dwells;
how glows his heart with treasur'd lore,
how rich in Wisdom's boundless store!
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
with Resignation's sainted beam;
and, as the weeping star of morn
sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,
his tear benign calm comfort throws
o'er rugged life's corroding woes;
his pious soul's enlighten'd rays
dart forth, to gild his wintry days;
he smiles serene at Heaven's decree,
and his last hour resigns to thee.

Oft my full heart to thee hath flown,
and wept for mis'ries not its own;
oft have I sunk upon thy breast,
and lull'd my weary mind to rest;
till I have own'd the blest decree,
that gave my soul to peace and thee.

TO SYMPATHY.

ughter of heaven! sweet Sympathy! descend,
d round me shed thine influence divine!
ou who art still the patient suff'rer's friend,
! come, and sooth this sorrowing heart of mine.

isfortune dire has o'er my hapless life
st her dark cloud, big with the storms of fate;
t thou canst quell the soul-distracting strife,
d all my various sorrows mitigate.

y counsel sweet, and mild benignant eye,
guile the soul of half her load of woe;
y pitying breast exchanges sigh for sigh,
bids the tear of anguish cease to flow.

hen come, and let thy sovereign aid impart
t consolation to my troubled breast;
spel the gloom that hangs about my heart,
d point the way to everlasting rest. *I. M.*

TO SENSIBILITY.

Hail, nymph of sweetly tender thought!
lov'd source of bliss, with rapture fraught,
of sympathetic woe;
O come, within my throbbing heart,
bid love reside, or grief impart
soft Pity's melting throe.

For, mid her deep disastrous scene,
thou lov'st to shew thy pensive mien,
thy dewy glist'ning eye,
and mid wild Mis'ry's naked shed

to lie, and, weeping, raise her head,
and heave the plaintive sigh.

Blest be that hour, for ever blest,
when first my lenient hand repress'd
the pang of fell despair;
when first, whilst thou convuls'd my frame,
in artless garb the muses came,
with sweet and winning air.

Then rush'd upon my thrilling soul
those scenes that, form'd by Fancy, roll,
athwart the poet's view;
what time, when fire-ey'd Rapture raves,
deep, deep, his ample spirit laves
amid Aönian dew.

Thou know'st dear maid! from early youth,
to thee I've vow'd eternal truth,
each trembling pulse is thine;
to thee first lisp'd my accents rude,
and oft my starting tear bedew'd
thy lowly moss-built shrine.

Here, as the bard, with drooping wreath
lone seeks the dewy vale to breath
deep Sorrow's plaintive lay,
slow from the sad complaining breeze,
thy form, soft blushing, rapt he sees
each melting charm display.

Thine eyes with pity fraught, and love,
amid whose blue, quick-glancing, rove
warm Hope and young Desire,
while oft as Pleasure rose to view,
bright beaming, from their orbits flew
wild Rapture's sweetest fire.

Thy cheek, with roseate bloom suffus'd,
thy lip, whose ruby tint diffus'd
pure quintessence of bliss,
where ever waits sincerity,
soft love, and eager extacy,
the balmy fragrant kiss.

Thine hair, of lightly auburn hue,
that floating o'er thy bosom drew
its wildly wanton way,
or down thy shoulders clust'ring hung,
or to the whisp'ring zephyrs flung,
in sport and am'rous play.

Thy limbs, in snowy vest array'd,
oft chastly, through the folds, display'd,
tho' bound with roseate zone:
thine hand, o'er which was careless flung
th' Æolian harp, sad warbling, strung
to love's pathetic tone.

Whose sounds so melancholy roll,
so sweet, so tender o'er the soul,
expressive all and wild,
struck by the beings of the air,
now swell'd to love, to grief, despair,
now sunk to pity mild.

Oh, lovely maid! to thee belong
the deeply-moving plaintive song,
the sad, the tearful tale;
to thee, the virgin's soft desire,
to thee, the youth's bold am'rous fire,
and Mis'ry's frantic wail.

Inspir'd by thee, sung Pella's bard,*

* Euripides.

blest with thy favour'd, fond, regard,
his woe-empassion'd lay:
see, the lov'd, faithful, tender wife!
Ah! see, she faints! the breath of life
yet panting, hastes away.

Dead in her husband's arms she lies!
O hark! what loud, what lab'ring sighs
upheave his troubled breast:
ah! cease thou lovely child! nor shriek,
come kiss, O kiss her clay-cold cheek,
still to his bosom prest.

Thou too mid Otway's scenes display'd
thy charming, vital, heavenly aid,
thy soul-distracting song,
still on wild Arun's sedgy side,
sweet melancholy voices glide
at eve the woods along.

For there in thine and Pity's cave,
wash'd by the gently murm'ring wave,
ye nurs'd his infant years:
oft would he rove the shadowy plain,
sad Arun heard the pensive strain,
and caught his trickling tears.

And thine, Rousseau's love-breathing thought,
with tender, trembling ardour fraught,
with soft, tumultuous bliss:
she burns, she faints, delicious death!
caught from her lover's balmy breath,
from the warm, eager kiss.

Bear me to Claren's hallow'd grove,
where, blushing, you and rapture rove,
deep hid from lawless view,

where oft the rosy sighing maid
sought fondly th' embow'ring shade,
to love's blest influence due.

Sweet Sensibility! best friend!
haste, haste, thy footsteps hither bend,
and all thy soul impart;
dear to my humble breast art thou,
dear as the ruddy drops that flow
from my sad, flutt'ring heart.

Ah me! if e'er I prove unkind,
if e'er forget thy wounds to bind,
thy wretched to relieve,
may dull oblivion wrap my head,
and dead to joy, to pity dead,
my bosom cease to heave.

"Speculator," no. 18.

TO CONTENT,

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
receive my temperate vow;
not all the storms that shake the pole
can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
and smooth unalter'd brow.

O come! in simplest vest array'd,
with all thy sober cheer display'd,
to bless my longing sight;
thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
and chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
to find thy hermit cell;
where in some pure and equal sky,
beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
the modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in Attic vest,
and Innocence with candid breast,
and clear undaunted eye;
and Hope, who points to distant years,
fair opening through this vale of tears
a vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
the temperate joys in even tide,
that rarely ebb or flow;
and Patience there, thy sister meek,
presents her mild unvarying cheek
to meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
a tyrant master's wanton rage
with settled smiles to meet:
inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
he bow'd his meek submitted head,
and kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, oh nymph! retir'd and coy!
in what brown hamlet dost thou joy
to tell thy tender tale?
the lowliest children of the ground,
moss-rose and violet blossom round,
and lily of the vale.

O say, what soft propitious hour
I best may chuse to hail thy power,

and court thy gentle sway?
when Autumn, friendly to the muse,
shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
and shed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy star beneath,
thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
and every storm is laid;
if such an hour was ere thy choice,
oft let me hear thy soothing voice
low whisp'ring through the shade.

TO MELANCHOLY,

BY ——— RACK.

Come, Melancholy! musing maid!
who seek'st the thick sequester'd shade,
here Solitude erects her silent throne;
or wild umbrageous bower,
or ivy-mantled tower,
th bats swift wheeling round its shatter'd sides;
here croaks the raven; where the owl resides,
and through the still night pours
her plaintive moan.

Where ruins scatter'd round,
and crumbling fragments strew the ground,
watching the glow-worm's paly ray,
meteors shooting through the aërial way,
from converse with mankind
thou seekest to retire:
thou, who, with dishevell'd hair,
sitt'st, musing, on a rugged stone,
with fixed eye, and brow severe,

where the gurgling waters run,
inspire the song:
to thee belong
the sad, yet soothing strains that wake
the mournful lyre.
Slow and solemn be the sound,
while the strings my fingers sweep;
let the pendent rocks around
with trickling waters weep;
and echo tell my rising sighs
o'er the wild margin of the foaming deep.

Sometimes, methinks, I see thee lie reclin'd
beneath the baneful yew-tree's shade;
with silent sorrow brooding o'er thy mind:
sad, by mournful musing made;
and, while thy pale cheek rests upon thy hand,
the chrystal drops, soft trickling from thine eyes,
descend and strew with pearl the barren strand,
while every hollow breeze
comes loaded with thy sighs.

No more the gay, the festive throng,
the mazy dance, the sprightly song,
softly warbling, charm thine ear;
Music swells the notes in vain:
Pleasure, with her sportive train,
scarce can keep thee from despair.

For thee, in vain, sweet spring awakes the flowers;
in vain gay summer shines in vary'd dyes,
or autumn sheds her fruits in golden showers:
to thee each beauteous scene no joy supplies.
Far from these, to dreary scenes,
lonely haunts, or gloomy shade,

'mongst the mournful evergreens,
thou retir'st and hid'st thy head.

he rifted rock, the column's shatter'd brows,
e blasted oak by Jove's dread bolt deform'd,
e crumbling tower where clasping ivy grows,
e tott'ring battlements which war has storm'd,
with pensive pleasure feed thine eyes,
and lull thy woes with fancy'd ease,
hile the pale moon, behind a broken cloud,
a momentary gleam supplies.

Sometimes, where sepulchral stones
roclaim the spoils of Death's all conqu'ring hand,
and o'er the slow-corroding bones
eir name and age in frail memorial stand
a few quick circling years,
thou sitt'st, and poring o'er the tale,
com'st thyself a monument in tears.
There, beneath the vaulted skies,
with pallid looks and downcast eyes,
while the chilling damps arise,
(peace a stranger to thy breast)
joyless, pensive, and distrest
e bleak winds beating on thy naked head,
and sporting with thy hair),
thou seest around thin shades arise,
and sheeted ghosts and spectres drear,
glide hideous with averted eyes,
oot up in lambent flame, and tower along the skies.

Then hollow groans thine ear invade,
whose murmurs echóing through the shade,
disturb the deep serene:
the moon retires behind a cloud;

Night puts on her darkest shroud;
and Horror clothes the scene.

Now with silent steps and slow,
inly pining with thy woe,
to thy solitary cell,
where thou ever lov'st to dwell,
thou retreating with a sigh,
seek'st, but in vain, to close thy ever-wakeful eye.

Around thy couch, the family of spleen,
with aspect wan, and ghastly mien,
ideal shapes, in terror clad, arise;
and Discontent, with baneful wing,
of every joy pollutes the spring,
and spreads a dark veil o'er the brightest skies.

Not all the bliss that Eden could bestow
can light up sunshine in thy pensive breast;
fixt are thy sorrows; rooted is thy woe:
nought, nought on earth, can sooth thy soul to rest.

TO REFLECTION.

While pensive through the vale I bend my way
where Stour, (dear native stream!) glides swift alon
come, ever friendly to the poet's lay,
come, sweet Reflection! aid my artless song.

Be thou my guide through life's perplexed maze,
dear monitress! do thou my steps attend;
within my breast, oh! let thy influence blaze,
and ne'er forsake me till I meet my end.

Now Spring, with rosy cheek and airy tread,
on wings of southern breezes lightly borne,

mes jocund—let me, by thee, musing, led
ith early footsteps meet the blushing morn.

hile from the busy haunts of men I rove,
eir folly, noise, and riot, leave behind,
d wandering far among the scenes I love,
thou enlighten and expand my mind.

nd as I stray with thee at ev'ning hour,
hen Cynthia, rising full, illumes the skies,
ssess my soul, and let thy magic power
ew nature's wonders to my raptur'd eyes.

ft let me there indulge Hope's soothing dream
hen sleep with ebon wand hath charm'd the town,
on the hill I stray, or where the stream,
liquid silver chang'd flows bubbling down.

hile worlds on worlds unnumber'd round me roll
eir glorious orbs, and speak their Maker's praise:
ow great, magnificent, sublime, the whole,
en in my breast Devotion's altar raise.

h! could mine eyes, like heaven-taught Newton, trace
eir wond'rous systems, motions, changes, powers,
e him explore th' unbounded realms of space
nform mankind, like him, employ my hours.

hrice happy they to whose enlarged minds
e book of nature ever open lies,
truths display'd,—who freed from error's blinds
ast on its beauties their enlighten'd eyes.

t themes like these, so high above my muse,
ief let me touch, nor dare attempt to soar,
miliar, softer subjects let me chuse,
d humbler, not less touching, scenes explore.

he dear domestic joys that glad the soul,

the cheering smiles of friendship, let me prove;
tho' still one wish will reign to crown the whole,
'Would Heaven, propitious, grant Maria's love.'

Presumptuous wish! to think a nymph so fair,
so elegant in form, so pure in mind,
could aught but pity or compassion spare,
nor aught I more than friendship hope to find.

Then why complain? if friendship's holy flame,
or kind attention, could content my soul;
Reason would bid me urge no farther claim,
forbid the sigh to heave, the tear to roll.

Yet vain the maxims Reason would oppose,
and vain to hope, tho' still I bless my chain.
E'en thou, Reflection, dost but aid my woes
too weak thy influence, too fix'd my pain.

But yet, sweet soother! tho' thou canst not cure,
oh! let thy soft'ning power to aid me move;
thy healing balm shall help me to endure
chill Penury's keen touch and hopeless Love.

Bring with thee Charity, sweet dove-ey'd maid!
and Pity, weeping at another's pain;
let Hope attend thy train, with uprais'd head;
so shall my heart the heaving sigh restrain.

Oh! lead me oft where want and sickness lie,
forsaken by the proud, the rich, the gay.
Tho' low my state, I can afford the sigh:
tho' poor, to misery I've a tear to pay.

Be it my pride within thy humble sphere
to lend to drooping age the aiding hand!
to wipe from misery's eye the gushing tear,
nor e'er the still small voice of grief withstand.

h, blest sensations! balm to feeling minds!
comfort and to sooth the couch of woe,
e lux'ries which the good man ever finds,
they my lot, let them my heart o'erflow.

Thus by thy aid my days shall glide away,
r riches, fame, nor honours do I crave;
heer'd by thy smile, I'll chaunt my pensive lay,
d steal, contented, to my humble grave.

TO INNOCENCE.

'T was when the slow decling ray
had ting'd the cloud with ev'ning gold;
no warbler pour'd the melting lay,
no sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd
sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain,
calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
and thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

'Hail Innocence! celestial maid!
what joys thy blushing charms reveal!
sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,
and milder than the vernal gale.

On thee attends a radiant choir,
soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest;
with Love, that prompts the warbling lyre,
and Hope, that sooths the throbbing breast.

O sent from heaven to haunt the grove,
where squinting Envy ne'er can come!
nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
nor anguish chills the living bloom.

'But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd;
serene as heaven's unsully'd light,
and pure as Delia's gentle mind.

'Grant, heavenly power! thy peaceful sway
may still my ruder thoughts controul:
thy hand to point my dubious way,
thy voice to sooth the melting soul.

'Far in the shady sweet retreat
let thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
let Quiet court the mossy seat,
and twining olives form the bower.

'Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath bestow,
and oft sit list'ning in the dale,
while night's sweet warbler from the bough
tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

'Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,
let each consenting passion move;
let angels watch its silent rest,
and all its blissful dreams be Love!'

TO CONTENT.

To thee, the friend of social joy,
I pour my ardent lay;
ah, nymph divine! no cares alloy
thy sweetly cheerful day.

And when the dewy noon of night
her darksome tint hath shed,
as yonder sleeps the moon's calm light
so rests thy peaceful head.

For thee, the cool, the balmy morn,
her purple blush displays,
for thee, the hill, the dale, adorn
still evening's gold drop rays.

For thee, unfolds the musky rose
her highly-scented bloom,
for thee, the violets disclose
their delicate perfume.

For thee, clear rills soft-trickling rove
their moss-grown beds along,
for thee, amid yon shadowy grove
ascends the grateful song.

For thee, light Labour spreads his wealth,
imparts the roseate glow,
and bids the crimson tide of health
with genial vigour flow.

Oh! let me haunt thy straw-rooft cot
and fold thee in my arms,
be mine thy wealth, be mine thy lot,
and mine thy lowly charms!

With thee, my Agnes, tender fair!
how pure the scene of life,
far from the world, its vicious care
and all its jarring strife.

Here Love shall spread his purple wing
and wake to young desire,
and blue-ey'd Pleasure laughing bring
her varied sweet attire.

Here shall domestic rapture shower
affection's dearest meed,
the muse her grateful tribute pour
and tune her artless reed.

Oh! fountain of eternal love!
Content, enchanting maid!
above bright power, gay wealth above,
to thee my vows be paid.

Ah! let the great, by error led,
to courts and cities fly,
more blest with thee to eat my bread
in peace and privacy!

More blest to rove the heath along,
at eve, from labour won,
to list the woodlark's plaintive song
and hail the setting sun.

Yet happier far, when night's dark sky
with wintry storms opprest,
to meet my Agnes' glist'ning eye
and fold her to my breast.

Howl then, ye angry tempests, howl!
before my cheerful fire,
in fond delight the moments roll,
to love, to bliss conspire.

Now tell me then, can aught compare
with sober genuine joys?
ah, no! pale grandeur's tainted air
each simple charm destroys.

Hence, ye ambitious, proud and vain,
ye brood of folly, hence!
for you await disease and pain
and torturing conscience.

But blest the sons of calm content,
their paths the good pursue,
from them has Bliss her rapture lent,
and Health her rosy hue.

"Speculator," no. 23.

TO CONTENT,

BY ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
multa? *Horace.*

Why do we aim with eager strife,
at things beyond the mark of life?
Creatures, alas! whose boasted power
is but the blessing of an hour. *Francis.*

Far from mortal ken retir'd,
estrang'd from worldly cares and fears,
with love of learned lore inspir'd,
may I pass my transient years!
And may Content, angelic maid!
in sweet simplicity array'd,
in hat of straw and russet vest,
with dimpled cheek and peaceful breast,
fair Virtue's eldest born!
that makes a palace of a cell,
nor scorns in humble cot to dwell,
nor grasps at honour's gilded prize,
nor pines for light fantastic joys,
my straw-built shed adorn!
still hover with her smiling train,
around my peaceful board, and purest pleasures deign!

Why, foolish man!
dost thou, with vain anxiety, extend
thy busy cares beyond life's little span,
which must, with dart-like swiftness, end?
Why can thy restless mind
no peaceful haven find?
What means this sordid lust of gain,
which drives thee o'er the swelling main?

each various clime that bids thee know,
or scorch'd with heat, or chill'd with snow?
commands to rove from shore to shore,
intent some hidden track t'explore?
which makes thee turn the pond'rous soil,
and urge the plow with ceaseless toil?
Is it, pray tell me, to procure
stores of luxurious food that ever may endure?

Behold the feather'd choirs, that wing the sky,
how unconcern'd they fly,
and cleave, with joyful wing, the ambient air;
"content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
They toil not at the irksome plow,
nor with unceasing labour sow;
they do not reap the fruitful plain,
nor hoard, with care, the gather'd grain.
Is gorgeous raiment then thy care?
behold what beauteous vests they wear;
not all the pomp of regal state
their painted plumes can emulate;
yet toil they not, nor ply the loom,
nor with extended cares their future days engloom.

See mortal, see the blooming rose
unfolding to the morn,
behold how short a time it blows,
then droops its head forlorn!
See yonder flying shaft proceed
through æther's course with winged speed;
or see the shade appear and fly,
apt emblems of mortality!
Then cease to stretch thy busy cares
to future days, to future years,
enjoy the present hour of life,

and banish sorrow, banish strife;
be sweet Content thy humble friend,
for she can every pleasure lend,
and seek not out for future pain,
virtuous, be content, all other cares disdain.

ON PLEASURE AND VIRTUE,

BY THE SAME.

Γνωθι σεαυτον. SOLON.
Know thyself.

Behold yon flower-bespangled vale,
here choicest fruits in gay luxuriance glow,
impervious to the boist'rous gale,
unscorch'd with heat, unchill'd with snow.
Behold yon great and sumptuous dome,
where music's gayest notes resound,
where stores of sweetest flow'rets bloom,
and scatter fragrance all around.
Whate'er has power to catch the eye,
or lure the joy-pursuing breast,
its wretched habitants enjoy,
with every rankling pleasure blest.
here all the gay licentious crew resort,
ere baneful Pleasure holds her gaudy court,
unnerv'd by her destructive clan,
how mean, how poor a thing is man!
How many passions rack his breast,
bereft of all untainted rest!
Now enwrapt in joy, he proves
all the sweets of lawless loves,
but soon to foul disease a prey,

his senses fail, his limbs decay.
Fell Luxury's unbounded reign
ten thousand thousand slaves can shew!
what then the glorious meed they gain?
diseased draughts of care and woe.
Ambition next, in haughty state,
sees myriads on his nod await,
unruly, insolent, and vain,
he proudly spurns his rightful chain;
tramples indignant on the laws,
and courts, by hell-born deeds, applause;
then mounts his car of fire,
and with his subject herd ascends
above the purple monarch's throne,
till high in air with clouds he blends,
then dizzy with the course is overthrown,
and, falling on the earth, lies, fractur'd, to expire!

There see what vain mistaking man
real pleasure falsely deems,
for every member of that hell-born clan,
and every joy they give with rankling sorrow teem.

Turn next to yonder lofty fane,
where simple elegance is seen,
there Virtue holds her placid reign;
Virtue, pure unsullied queen!
There all the Great, the Good, the Wise,
unruffled live, amidst untainted joys.
Happy the man, unaw'd by fear of toil,
that dares attempt the precipice to scale,
amid the rugged tracks intrepid smile,
and boldly stand against the blust'ring gale.
Far, far most perilous the road
which leads by Pleasure's gay abode,

with pains you difficultly pass
the pavement, wrought of slippery glass;
thousands along the fatal passage slide,
one that safely gains the farther side.
hy does that starting tear impearl thine eye?
y does thy bosom heave that rending sigh?
Haply too great the toil appears;
but listen, with attentive care,
to what the muse shall next declare,
l banish from thy breast those groundless fears.

First then thy meditative eyes
to thine own bosom turn,
see there if impious thoughts arise,
or lawless passions burn;
drive ambition from thy breast,
canker-worm of human rest;
all unchaste embraces fly,
baneful pleasure, rankling joy:
let not cards, nor witching dice,
lure thee to the paths of vice;
revels shun, and sumptuous feasts,
turning men to less than beasts;
scorn to do thy neighbour harm,
or in hurtful word or deeds,
wantonly his peace alarm,
while his heart with sorrow bleeds;
be the wand'ring child of woe
by thy bounty kindly fed,
let the wretched pleasure know
underneath thy smiling shed:
t thy feet a helpless orphan bend,
wailing widows at thy gate appear,
we thou a husband, father, and a friend,
l wipe off Mis'ry's unaffected tear.

unchain'd by vice thy soul must soar
all mundane things above,
and with pleasure
passing measure,
must invariably adore
the great pacific Lamb, the miracle of love.
Then fearless trust thy bark to sea,
nor dread the black and threat'ning storms,
from Æther soon the wrath shall flee,
which now his ireful face deforms.
KNOW BUT THYSELF, all knowledge centres there
THAT if thou know, in safety thou shalt steer.

TO MEDIOCRITY,

BY THE SAME.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes. *Horace.*

Say, are your coffers fill'd with heaps of ore?
then may you play the fool, and drink, and whore!

O thou, whose guardian sway
to god-like wisdom bends the human mind,
and in the flowery way,
to Virtue's fane that leads, directs mankind;
O nymph! our greatest friend below,
insensate Folly's keenest foe,
that, like the wintry blast, whose power
cankers the just-unfolding flower,
dost nip the bud of vain caprice,
of haughty pride and baneful vice,
whom Luxury, with downcast eyes,
and all her train of sorrows, flies:
haste, haste thee, nymph, and live with me,
I woo thee to my cot, sweet Mediocrity!

Do thou, with guardian care,
pilot my bark along the sea of life,
of latent sands beware,
guard me from the rocks of vice and strife!
launch not into the ocean's deep,
where storms perpetual horrors keep,
now tossing up with dang'rous flow,
now dashing to the gulph below;
but, when a prosp'rous wind prevails,
wisely contract the swelling sails,
nor when the dreadful tempests roar,
absurdly press too near the shore,
(dangers unseen are lurking there)
still the middle course, unhurt, undaunted, steer.

O, by thy power divine,
rd me alike, I pray, from each extreme,
nor poverty be mine,
ose venom'd shafts with woeful sorrow teem!
Lo! lo! the fiend now passes by
with fault'ring steps and tearful eye;
how wofully his hands he wrings,
what looks distracted round him flings!
O watch him to yon clay-built shed,
where neither food is seen nor bed!
observe him on that filthy straw,
his gaspings, short and deadly, draw;
now writhes with pain the sunk-ey'd wight,
now his soul releas'd affects th' etherial height.

Nor riches be my share,
ich underneath their gaudy outward show,
a sting envenom'd bear,
for each joy they give inflict a woe!
Fools, it is true, there are who deem

such baubles worthy their esteem;
who seek them with incessant toil
by every means, in every soil;
who, loaded with a plenteous store
of sparkling gems and golden ore,
suppose they 're privileg'd to be
the foremost in impiety,
to stand in Folly's van the first,
Folly from riches sprung, by Riches madly nurst.

Riches, away, away!
ye nourishers of vice, of good the bane,
quick my behest obey,
nor ever dare my straw-built shed prophane!
Tho' humble at your splendent shrine
you hear the sycophantic whine;
tho' whatsoe'er ye do or cause,
or good, or bad receives applause;
tho' you the multitude esteem,
and all your vices virtues deem;
yet are ye powerless to bestow
exemption or from care or woe;
haste thee then, nymph, and live with me,
I woo thee to my cot, sweet Mediocrity!

ON HUMILITY AND CONTENT,

BY THE SAME.

Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus. *Horace.*

He is not poor, to whom kind fortune grants,
e'en with a frugal hand, what nature wants. *Francis.*

Ambition, canker-worm of rest,
disturber of the human breast;

ambition, bane of every state,
from the low vulgar to the great,
avaunt, with all thy hell-born train,
nor dare my humble cot prophane!
as when the quiv'ring smoke ascends
amid the vaulted skies,
no sooner with the clouds it blends,
but vanishes and dies:—
so men of unrestrain'd desire
who 'bove their element aspire,
stroy their peace and endless woes create,
d prematurely meet their drear impending fate.

Curst Avarice, with devils bred,
shall never shelter in my shed;
the miser, 'midst his hoarded store,
is ever miserably poor;
the more the lavish Pluto grants,
the more the greedy miser wants;
o'er all he watchful vigils keeps,
with never-closing eye,
and at each wasted farthing weeps,
tho' thousands round him lie.
Ne'er may Ambition, ne'er may Pride,
nor Av'rice near my cot abide!
e miser with his golden heaps of ore,
'ambitious with his fame, are wretched both & poor.

Come, now, explore my humble cell,
where blooming Health and Pleasure dwell;
nothing adorns my frugal board
but what my labour'd fields afford;
by labour I my little earn,
and how to use that little learn.
How jocund round the smiling fire,

when now our toil is o'er,
we sit possess'd of each desire,
for who can wish for more?
Here dimpled Mirth and Peace are found,
and sweet Contentment smiles around,
no sought diseases here infest our joy,
we live from anguish free, and free from anguish die

ON THE FELICITY OF THE HUMBLE STATE.

BY THE SAME.

Bene est, cui Deus obtulit
parca, quod satis est, manu. *Horace.*

Let Heaven with frugal bounty give,
for competence alone is ease. *Boscawen.*

Far from busy crowds withdrawn,
may I the winged moments spend,
on some flower-enamell'd lawn,
with sweet Content, my lowly friend!
There waken'd by the shepherd's clock
arise at matin with the cock,
and joyful till the fertile ground,
or watch my lambkins graze around;
let nought appear upon my board
but what my cultur'd lands afford.
Under the hawthorn's grateful shade
let me the noontide sun evade,
and taste unceasing rural joys
more pure and uncorrupt than can from thrones ari

Happier is the shepherd swain,
with his smiling sun-burnt maid,
dancing on the verdant plain,
in an homespun suit array'd—

or beneath the vocal pine,
when he throws his limbs supine,
where the whisp'ring breezes play,
temp'ring the meridian ray—
than the proud master of a throne,
bestarr'd with gems of price unknown,
on whom the troops of pleasure wait,
whose haughty nod dispenses fate,
and sets the vassal world in arms,
d fills the spacious orb with terror and alarms.
Ah me! behold the forked light
quick-glancing from the skies?
behold! that rose, at morn so bright,
now sickens, droops, and dies;
or view the momentary shade
that scarce appeareth, ere it fade;
then think, O mortal man!
so short, so fleeting is thy vital span,
nor golden ore, nor honour'd birth,
nor titles, nor intrinsic worth,
nor piety itself can save
thine earthy temple from the grave.
The lethal moment all await
ch living wight must sink beneath the hand of fate.
Why then should ever anxious cares
employ thy mortal breast,
and, provident for future years,
engloom thy present rest?
Seek not hoarded wealth to gain,
glitt'ring gewgaws, splendid pain!
Court not honour's empty name,
specious term for care and shame.
he raging winds with rudest blast assail
piring pines, that tower amid the skies;

the cloud-capt turrets brave the fiercest gale,
while lowly cots but hear the distant noise;
the seeming great "a golden sorrow wear,"
their bosom rack'd with grief and torn with ceaseless
care.

ON THE MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY,

BY THE SAME.

Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis.

IMITATION.

Hard is the task, when syren wealth invites,
to scorn her proffer'd sweets and spurn her gay delights.

Enraptur'd with the babbling rill,
that pours its music down some craggy steep,
the swain reclines upon his fav'rite hill,
attunes his jocund pipe, and half forgets his sheep;
exploring nature's varied maze,
unnumber'd charms arrest his gaze,
delighted he admires;
in diapason with the current's note,
the warbling crew responsive pour their throat,
and tell their am'rous fires.
Pleas'd with the lovely grandeur of the scene,
unstain'd in life and in his mind serene,
he laughs at all the pageantry of state,
pities the splendid sorrows of the great,
and happier dines on what his fields afford,
than kings on all the dainties of their board.

Blest were mankind, if in the womb of earth
resplendent gems and sparkling ore,

still labour'd for a fruitless birth,
unknown, as in the times of yore.
Could they protract the date of death,
or bring again departed breath,
I'd hoard the baubles up with care;
but since they cannot e'en bestow
a moment's ease from pain and woe,
ye powers! be lowly Innocence my share.
By gold our grief and cares encrease,
the dear destroyer of our peace,
by gold our various vices grow,
from gold luxurious revels flow;
hard is the task, when siren wealth invites,
to scorn her offer'd sweets and spurn her gay delights.

What time the vigour of the Roman arm
rush'd, torrent-like, on the retreating world,
through every nation spread the wide alarm
and o'er the sad scene desolation hurl'd;—
Rome's hardy sons, with fierce delight,
undaunted sought the bleeding fight:
they to the field of Mars inur'd,
patient of Phœbus' burning ray,
severest exercise endur'd,
the sport and honour of each live-long day.
To them were pride and luxury unknown,
wealth and its vices had not stain'd their heart;
frugal Content had "mark'd them for her own,"
they sought not miseries produc'd by art.
Wrapt in their rugged virtue's awful lore,
they deem'd the virtuous only great, the vicious only poor.

But soon the mistress of the vanquish'd earth,
flush'd with the conquest of the vast domain,

enrich'd with spoil and precious gems of worth,
admitted luxury and all its train;
Romans fill'd the sparkling bowl,
mirthful danc'd in wanton measures,
sunk in health-destroying pleasures,
and debaucheries most foul.
The youth, that erst with vigour launch'd the spear,
and whirl'd impetuous the victorious car,
now meagre, wan, and spiritless appear,
and startle at the very sound of war.
Thus Asia's gold, more powerful than her arms,
impair'd their strength and fill'd them with alarms;
her vices vanquish'd her victorious foes,
whose ever-conquering arms 't was madness to oppose.

IMITATED FROM THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE,

BY THE SAME.

Happy the man, from busy cares withdrawn,
who seeks the sweets of rural ease,
where every spot has power to please,
the rugged mountain and the verdant lawn.
He shuns the deathful din of war,
the dreadful trumpet's bray;
tho' cannons thunder from afar,
he hears without dismay.
Nor when the threat'ning billows rise,
and black'ning clouds appear,
does he with horror view the skies,
and Neptune's fury fear.
No golden dreams of fame or wealth
disturb his humbler views,

with peace of mind and blooming health
his labour he pursues.
Contented with his rustic plains,
luxurious revels he disdains.
When now the rosy-bosom'd morn
tinges the east with gilded ray,
and, on her silent courses borne,
serenely ushers in the day,
the lonely voice of Chanticleer
calls him from his humble bed;
unfolded soon his fleecy care appear,
and, bleating, stray along the distant mead.

But when the beauteous autumn rears,
with various fruitage crown'd, her head,
when waves the golden plain with ripen'd ears,
and cluster'd grapes their purple fragrance shed,
how does it glad his raptur'd heart,
devoid of all the luxuries of art,
to reap the product of his toil,
sweeter from his native soil!
When the daily task is done,
with the sober-setting sun,
how untainted his delight,
underneath his straw-built shade,
where nor grief nor cares invade,
mirthfully to waste the night.
Where his merry sun-burnt wife,
partner of his happy life,
meets her spouse with open arms,
while his num'rous infant line
round his knees in gambols twine;
every hour is full of charms.

Such were mankind, ere eagle-winged pride

and wealth luxurious pamper'd false desires;
each day did toil in harmony subside,
each night enjoy'd the sweets that innocence inspires.
Grant me, ye powers, I seek no higher bliss
a life retir'd and blest, and innocent as this!

TO MY CANDLE.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night!
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
to steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
the tempest roams 'mid regions of the dark,
and swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
now blacken'd, and now flashing through the skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
for who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakespeare's page
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
high o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
a column in the melancholy waste,
(its cities humbled, and its glories past)
majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
a form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
a form, that feels of death the leaden sleep—

descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid;
see the virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the muse's simple prayer
command the envied trump of Fame,
oblivion should Eliza spare:
a world should echo with her name.

rt thou departed too, my trembling friend?
h! draws thy little lustre to its end?
es, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—
) let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
ow fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
ow fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

low slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
h, falling, falling, ready to expire!
n vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
t life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
ow round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
int, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!

hus shall the suns of science sink away,
nd thus of Beauty fade the fairest flower—
r where's the giant who to time shall say,
'Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power!'

Peter Pindar's "Odes to Kien Long."

TO A FLY.

h! poor intoxicated little knave,
ow senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
hy not content the cakes alone to munch?
early thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;

lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul—
thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out and moralize—
thus 't is with mortals, as it is with flies,
for ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
tho' Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
the beasts, the draught of Circe can't withstand,
but in goes every nose—they must, will sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untam'd!
when Prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild
they fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
the fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread—
by heavens! thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
and, kicking, too, again thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose;
and now thou feelest for thy little nose,
and finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
much as to say, 'I 'm glad I 'm here again!'
And well may'st thou rejoice—'t is very plain,
that near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—
now turnest—on the table making rings;
now crawling, forming a wet track,
now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
now flutt'ring nectar from thy silken wings:

now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
and poking out thy small, long legs behind,
and now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly!

o join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
nd rapture to thy family afford—
ere wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
at saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
ho gave perhaps, the wide resounding scream,
nd now sits groaning for thy precious life.

es, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
nd wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

et buns and sugar for the future charm;
ese will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
Whilst Punch, the grinning merry imp of sin,
vites th' unwary wanderer to a kiss,
miles in his face, as tho' he meant him bliss,
en, like an alligator, drags him in.

Pet r Pindar's "Odes to Kien Long."

TO WISDOM,

BY MRS. CARTER.

The solitary bird of night
through the pale shades now wings his flight,
and quits the time-shook tower,
where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
in philosophic gloom he lay,
beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
which midnight echoes waft around,
and sighing gales repeat:
fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
and, faithful to thy summons, bend
at Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
where no false shows of life deceive,
beneath the lunar ray:
here Folly drops each vain disguise,
nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
as in the glare of day.

O Wisdom! queen of every art
"that glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
blest source of purer joy:
in every form of beauty bright,
that captivates the mental sight
with pleasure and surprise;

to thy unspotted shrine I bow,
assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
that breathes no wild desires:
but, taught by thy unerring rules,
to shun the fruitless wish of fools,
to nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
be objects of my prayer:
let av'rice, vanity, and pride
these glitt'ring envy'd toys divide,
the dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
each moral beauty of the heart,
by studious thought refin'd:
for wealth, the smiles of glad content;
for power, its amplest, best extent,
an empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
when Pleasure's transient roses fade,

and wither in the tomb,
unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
thy ever-verdant laurels rise
in undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
the coxcomb's sneer, the supid lie
of ignorance and spite;
alike contemn the leaden fool,
and all the pointed ridicule
of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
the dull impertinence of life,
in thy retreat I rest;
pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
in all thy graces drest.

He bids Ilyssus' tuneful stream
convey the philosophic theme
of perfect, fair, and good:
attentive Athens caught the sound,
and all her list'ning sons around
in awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
confest the potent voice of truth,
and felt its just controul:
the passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
and Virtue's soft persuasive charms
o'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
the patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
the hero's generous strife:
thine are retirement's silent joys,

and all the sweet endearing ties
of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
to thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
my thoughts direct their flight;
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
from thee deriv'd, unchanging source
of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
to regulate my doubtful way,
through life's perplexing road:
the mists of error to controul,
and through its gloom direct my soul
to happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
the visionary shadows fly,
of Folly's painted show;
she sees, through every fair disguise,
that all, but Virtue's solid joys,
is vanity and woe.

"Poems on several Occasions."

TO WISDOM,

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Dona præsentis rape lætes horæ, ac
linque severa. *Horat.*

O Wisdom! if thy soft controul
can sooth the sickness of the soul,
can bid the warring passions cease,
and breath the calm of tender peace;

Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
and ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
to nurse the brood of care and fear;
to bid our sweetest passions die,
and leave us in their room a sigh;
O if thine aspect stern have power
to wither each poor transient flower
that cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
and dry the springs whence hope should flow;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
thou empty boast of pompous name!
in gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
but never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to Pleasure's frolic train!
hail to Fancy's golden reign!
festive Mirth, and Laughter wild,
free and sportful as the child!
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
and easy Faith, and fond Surprise!
let these, in fairy colours drest,
for ever share my careless breast:
then, tho' wise I may not be,
the wise themselves shall envy me.

"Poems."

TO SPRING,

BY THE SAME.

Hope waits upon the flowery prime. *Waller.*

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!
whose unshorn locks with leaves
and swelling buds are crown'd;

from the green islands of eternal youth,
(crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever springing shade)
turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou whose powerful voice

more sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
or Lydian flute, can sooth the madding winds,
and through the stormy deep
breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd! the virgin train await
with songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
thy blooming wilds among,
and vales and dewy lawns,

with untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
to weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
of him, the favour'd youth
that prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
that drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
and silent dews that swell
the milky ear's green stem,

and feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
and call those winds which through the whispering
boughs

with warm and pleasant breath
salute the blowing flowers.

ow let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
d mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
and watch with patient eye
thy fair unfolding charms.

nymph, approach! while yet the temperate sun
th bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
throws his young maiden beams,
and with chaste kisses wooes

e earth's fair bosom; while the streaming vale
lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
protects thy modest blooms
from his severer blaze.

weet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
all scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
thy greens, thy flowerets all,
remorseless shall destroy.

eluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
r O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
can aught for thee atone,

ir Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
an all their largest wealth, and through the heart
each joy and new-born hope
with softest influence breathes.

"Poems."

DESPONDENCY,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
a burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
along a rough, a weary road,
to wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
what sick'ning scenes appear!
what sorrows yet may pierce me through,
too justly I may fear!
still caring, despairing,
must be my bitter doom;
my woes here shall close ne'er,
but with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of busy-life,
who, equal to the bustling strife,
no other view regard!
e'en when the wished end's deny'd,
yet while the busy means are ply'd,
they bring their own reward:
whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
unfitted with an aim,
meet every sad returning night,
and joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,

within his humble cell,
the cavern wild with tangling roots,
sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
beside his crystal well!
or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
by unfrequented stream,
the ways of men are distant brought,
a faint-collected dream:
while praising, and raising
his thoughts to Heaven on high,
as wandering, meand'ring,
he views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
where never human footstep trac'd,
less fit to play the part,
the lucky moment to improve,
and just to stop, and just to move,
with self-respecting art:
but ah! those Pleasures, Loves, and Joys,
which I too keenly taste,
the Solitary can despise,
can want, and yet be blest!
he needs not, he heeds not,
or human love or hate;
whilst I here, must cry here,
at perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
when dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
to Care, to Guilt unknown!
how ill exchang'd for riper times,
to feel the follies, or the crimes,
of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elvès that guiltless sport.

like linnets in the bush,
ye little know the ills ye court,
when manhood is your wish!
the losses, the crosses,
that active man engage;
the fears all, the tears all,
of dim declining age!

" Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect."

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